i found the cure to growing older

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i found the cure to growing older

by xoloverboy

Summary

Fangs , Profilers , Gay People , Oh My !

Notes

hi ! i wrote this on my old account (which i gave to my wife bc she wanted to start writing and i rarely used it) and then i realized i wanted to continue this plot and got stuck on the ao3 waiting list and blah blah blah . anyways . i am hoping to continue this storyline bc i love gay people

spotted .

Beware , as you wander alone
late and deep into the night ,
a frightful creature — someone you don’t expect
might just be lurking ,
ready to bite .

— — —

02:34am — Wolf Trap , Virginia .

Far from home , a creature — no , master of the night wanders empty streets . There is no particular reason he is out . Not that he knows of , anyways .

There is a . . longing , of sorts , something itching beneath his skin . This had originally been a hunt (and oh how he hunts ; ruthless and thought out , planned .) but he finds himself tired of this same hunt — chasing mice that all react the same .

Scream . Whack — oh , they’re out . Drag home . Harvest . Then , prop their body somewhere nice , a show , for whoever may find it . Art is subjective , and while not everyone has the same taste , he finds his artwork to be quaint .

In it’s own , gruesome way .

So he wants something new — a longer game . And he’s found just the target ; a friend of a friends , someone he’s heard mentioned , someone that really piques his interest .

“ Unstable , “ he’s heard whispers amongst friends , conversations he has politely pretended he couldn’t overhear . “ Unmanageable . Difficult — Feral . “

But Hannibal has never met a challenge he can’t take on . Besides ; mortals can’t be all that bad . If there’s anything he’s learnt in his several years on this earth , it’s that humans quite enjoy villainizing each other . It could be an annoying co - worker , someone that cut you off on the way of work — they always go straight to the worst . That person , not me , is in the wrong here . But the world truly isn’t all the black and white .

Hence why he doesn’t believe a scruffy little puppet for the FBI could be all that bad .

He’s been stalking this area for a couple weeks , now . There hasn’t been a chance to bump into him just yet — not naturally , anyways . And he would like their meeting to be natural . Less suspicious , when it all comes to a cruel end .

Ah . Hannibal’s head whips around at the sound of a car speeding up , headlights flickering , illuminating him ; before he rushes back , hides amongst the trees . The car seems to be slowing down now , had he been seen ? He couldn’t have been , he’s been careful , and yet the adrenaline rushes through his bloodless veins .

This is the kind of chase he was looking for .

Hands stay at his sides as he peeks around a tree , expecting this someone to get out of the car , to ask if he needs a ride , a natural meeting —

“ Tch - tch - tch - tch - tk . . “ a low trill comes from the rolled down window , a hand patting against his door . Mops of curls peek out , glasses pushed high on the bridge of this young man’s nose . “ C ‘ mere , boy . . . “

Certainly not talking to Hannibal , then . His eyes flicker slightly downwards and , there , is the thing that caught his victims attention .

A dog — a stray .

Perhaps this chase will be even more interesting than expected .

— — —

04:15am — Wolf Trap , Virginia .

In the past few hours of lurking outside Will Grahams home , this vampire has learnt a few things .

For starts , Will Graham is what one would call . . . a dog person .

(Hannibal has always found himself partial to cats but , to each their own .)

After coaxing that mangled mutt into his vehicle , he had taken off — Hannibal quick to follow , allowing himself a mile or so behind the car , speed being a gift he was given along with immortality , but he’s certain if Will saw him run alongside his car he’d crash .

And what sort of fun would that leave him with ?

Upon arrival to his home , several more dogs spilled out of the door , barking — loud , annoying — and nuzzling up again their owner . They didn’t seem too keen about their newest member , but that didn’t stunt Will Graham one bit .

Hannibal watched from the woods , watched the dogs around him , watched as this man went out of his way to bathe , feed , and brush each dog .

Each and every one . It was almost hypnotic , the way Will got lost in the extensive care for his dogs . He briefly wondered if he made his own dog food — he certainly seemed the type .

The irony here is not lost on Hannibal ; here he is , profiling the profiler .

Though , his profiling is for a . . different reason .

Eventually the heard of dogs head back inside . He tiptoes up the steps , takes careful , almost weightless steps along the porch , peeks into a window —

His nose wrinkles in disgust as he watches the curly haired man pop a box from his freezer into his microwave . Maybe , before he eats him , he will show Will the religious aspect of what a home cooked meal can do . Everyone should appreciate good cooking .

And Hannibal Lecter is a damn good cook .

It isn't long after he's eaten his slop that he's fallen into bed ; his bed being in the living room , surrounded by dogs .

It's almost as if Will Graham has his very own pack . His head tilts , curious . This information will be stored for later ; he hasn't all the time in the world .

Living out here , all alone , it seems Will has come to think his door doesn't need to be locked . Silly boy , Hannibal things , it's almost an invitation — an Hannibal , being an old fashioned vampire , will take this invitation literally enough to allow himself into Will's home . A couple heads rise as the door creaks , snouts sniffing the air . He can hear some low growling — and this just won't do . He raised a finger to his lips , shushes ; and when that doesn't work all it takes is a flash of fangs for these pups to cower and scurry off with their tails between their legs .

Humph . Some guard dogs he's got there .

Hannibal wanders — careful not to knock anything over , seeing how Will has crammed his space with as many belongings as possible . How can one live like this ? It makes him want to pick his brain .

He wants to dig it open with his fingers , feel inside , map the patterns in there and see if they link to his outside behavior at all —

Ahem . Getting ahead of himself , here .

At some point he finds himself standing at the end of the profilers bed , staring down at him . He's warm — Hannibal can practically feel the heat radiating off him , watching him toss and turn , grumbling in his sleep . Up close he can admire the curls of his hair a little bit better , the stubble of his beard , the dirt on his unwashed hands .

Despite his . . grime , Hannibal sees bits of art in Will Graham . The way his eyelashes flutter against the upper parts of his cheeks , the twitch of his lips , the crease in his brows , worried looking . He's been watching him for a while now and he is certain that Will has never been more beautiful than when he's having a nightmare .

Yes , although this is all a plot , a meal , for Hannibal , he still finds himself thinking of Will as beautiful .

Who is he to deny true art ?

dangerous behavior .

Chapter Notes

i haven’t written in either pov’s , nor have i written dialogue , in an extremely long time . please forgive my while i get back in the groove of things :)

05:12am Wolf Trap , Virginia .

Will Graham wakes in a cold sweat — hands shaking , head spinning ; left with a feeling of discomfort and anxiety . He’s sure a specific someone would like to blame these feelings on his work , the things he has to see each day , putting himself in the mind of a killer .

But it’s not . . he doesn’t feel like it’s (him *) that is the problem in this moment . It’s almost like the feeling you get when you’re being watched .

Frantic eyes scan across the living room ; dogs , dogs , and . . . more dogs . He stands to check the front door and sure enough , it’s locked .

Did he lock it ?

It all must’ve been a bad dream . After all , he’s been having loads of those . He scratches at the scruff on his neck , scratches behind his ears , scratches — itchy . His skin is vibrating , unable to shake away his unease .

He’ll just have to go back to sleep .

— — —

11:03am Quantico , Virginia .

Busy chatter fills the room as students gather their belongings , giving Will time to catch the eyes of his superior , Jack Crawford , standing at the edge of the door . Sigh — he knows exactly what this is about , and he’s not thrilled . It’s a conversation Jack’s been trying to start for a couple weeks now , after a little mental health crisis on the scene of the crime — okay , it wasn’t exactly (little *) , it had been a build of fatigue and anxiety , unable to handle the strain of multiple killers on one scene , and he may have snapped ; bared teeth at a rookie cop on the scene . Supposedly scared him enough to be considered a threat .

“ You’re lucky he didn’t press charges , Graham . “

“ He claims you lunged at him , Graham
. “

“ You were muttering threats at him , Graham “

Blah , blah , blah .

With a melodramatic sigh , he approaches Jack , arms slowly crossing as he gets closer . The elder man raises a brow at him . “ You’re looking pretty tired , Graham . Getting enough sleep ? “ Will can hardly contain the roll of his eyes .

Because no , he hasn’t been getting enough sleep , but it’s not like he can admit that .

“ Yes , “ he huffs out , because he’s a liar and he doesn’t care that both brows raise this time due to his tone . “ I slept fine . “

“ – Because if you didn’t , and it costed us your time on this case , we’ll — “

“ I slept fine , Jack . Is there something else you wanted to discuss , or does my R.E.M cycle truly entertain you ? “

— — —

who-fucking-cares-o’clock , Jack’s Office .

Will Graham is furious — No , furious is an understatement . He’s livid . Seeing the color red . Nails dig in hard to the armrest of his seat , wood crunching beneath his fingertips as two older men discuss him as if he’s not even in the room .

Something is said in his direction , something about the temperament of werewolves and how he’s lucky to have such an important job because not many people of his species can handle it , but frankly and truthfully , he doesn’t care . He’s busy glaring daggers at this therapist Jack has brought to him , Ham Lexter or whatever the hell his name is —

“ Doctor Lecter . But you may call me Hannibal , if you’d like . “

Will blinks a couple times , eyes flickering over to Jack , who is giving him a look that says (yes , yes you absolutely just said all of that out loud and you’re being incredibly rude .)

“ . . Sorry , Doctor . But I’m not really interested in whatever it is you’re offering my way . “

Jack , of course , has to chime in . “ He’s an old friend of mine , Will . I think spending some time with him would do you some good , what with the reports filed against you and your declining mental stability . . “

“ It doesn’t have to be labeled anything professional ; two friends , having a chat — “

At this he has to stand , practically snarling at the two of them . “ I’m not interested — I’m not some sort of wacko you can poke and prod . You don’t need to walk on eggshells around me , I’m a damn adult ! “

Does he look like an adult in this moment ? No , in fact one might label this a tantrum , and normally he'd have enough restraint to stop himself , but something about that stupid gleam in Doctor Lecter's eyes only pisses him off more .

" Is this funny to you ? I'm not a fucking spectacle — ! "

" That's enough , Will ! Sit your ass down ! " Jacks booming voice is enough to make him plop back down in the chair , head down and fists clenched at his sides . Dignity is forgotten , after being spoken to like that in front of someone , like he's a damn dog . The other two men continue their conversation , Jack apologizing repeatedly yet the doctor truly doesn't seem offended . If anything , he's amused . He doesn't look at Will for the rest of this stupid meeting , and for some reason , it bothers him . He hopes he never has to see this man again .

Yet , he ends up leaving the office with Hannibal's business card in hand and a months worth of appointments scheduled with him .

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